

THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1920



*Reedy's*

# MIRROR

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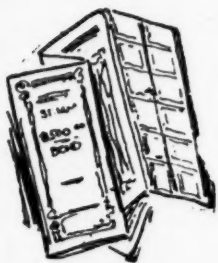
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EREWHON REVISITED by Samuel Butler. New York: E. P. Dutton Co., \$2.50.

A good reprint of a notable book. There is a strong interest in Butler's works that seems to increase daily. Valuable introduction by Moreby Acklom.

THE BLOOD RED DAWN by Charles Caldwell Dobie. New York: Harper Bros., \$1.75.

Mr. Dobie is well known to magazine readers as a writer of short stories. He gives readers in this a mystery story of a splendid girl caught in a tangle of intrigue in the foreign quarter of San Francisco. A soft caress as the curtain falls.

FRENCH LITERATURE IN THE GREAT WAR by Albert Schlinz. New York: Appleton & Co.

A clever book by the professor of French Literature of Smith College, dealing with the war literature that was written in unconventional style. The author finds the book necessary as war literature created its own style. French students will enjoy the excellent chapter on the poetry of the war.

THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF DEFOE'S JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE by Dr. Watson Nicholson. Boston: Stratford Co., \$2.

For several years Dr. Watson has been employed in the British Museum, the Public Record Office and the Lord Chamberlain's Office in London, pursuing investigations pertaining to the history of the English drama and stage. In examining the documents of 1664 and 1665 he found many striking resemblances between contemporaneous details of the Great Plague and Defoe's account, which has always been considered a masterpiece of fiction. He completed his investigations and in this volume presents his evidence, which he says establishes indubitably the authenticity of Defoe's "Journal" as a record of fact.

SALOME: THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST: LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN by Oscar Wilde. New York: Boni & Liveright, 85c.

Of these three plays by Wilde, everyone is familiar with the last named, nearly everyone with the first named. The second has been pronounced "the most brilliant trifle in English dramaturgy." With an introduction by Edgar Saltus they make number eighty-three of the Modern Library books.

BEST AMERICAN HUMOROUS SHORT STORIES edited by Alexander Jessup. New York: Boni & Liveright, 85c.

The editor specifies that this volume is not supposed to contain all the worthy American short stories in that kind, that there are others equally good outside its covers, but it is representative. There are selections from Poe, Hale, Cable, Twain, Harte and many others well known and unknown. Modern Library series.

WINDMILLS by Gilbert Cannan. New York: B. W. Huelsch, \$1.60.

A collection of Mr. Cannan's satirical fables, some of which recall the work of our own Bolton Hall.

A CANTICLE OF PAN by Witter Bynner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Mr. Bynner is well and favorably known to the readers of REEDY'S MIRROR and this collection of his poems will be welcomed by them.

RUSSIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS, compiled by C. K. Cumming and Walter W. Pellet. New York: Harcourt Brace and Howe.

This is a collection of documents and papers made at the request of the League of Free Nations Association. The Colonel Robins affair and the conspiracy of Allied Imperialists against Soviet Russia is set forth from original documents. A valuable book.

HISTORY OF JOURNALISM by George Henry Payne. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$2.50. A carefully presented and well written history that incidentally gives valuable sidelights

upon the influence of such men as Jefferson, Hamilton, Bennett and Greeley upon present-day journalism.

SOVIETISM by William English Walling. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., \$2.00.

The author objects to Bolshevism and sets forth his reasons. There are passages that seem to call for a reply from Colonel Robins.

A PRISONER OF TROTSKY'S by Andrew Kalpaschnikoff. New York: Doubleday Page & Co., \$2.50.

The author tells the story of his arrest and sets forth reasons for his belief that Bolshevism is not a political party, but a form of extreme anarchy that must soon disappear.

THE BEST PSYCHIC STORIES. New York: Boni & Liveright.

This is rather a unique collection and contains stories by such widely diverse authors as Madame Blavatsky, Ambrose Bierce, W. T. Stead, Jack London, Lafcadio Hearn, Edgar Allen Poe and others of lesser note.

DAISY ASHFORD: HER BOOK. New York: G. H. Doran Co.

Four stories by the young authoress are introduced by Irwin S. Cobb. There is also included the "Jealous Governess" by Angela Ashford. A good book for light summer-reading.

THE SIMIAN WORLD by Clarence Day, Jr. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.25.

Here is fun plus thoughtful suggestion. It is a consideration somewhat in the mode of Heraclitus, of what would have happened had some other race than man become master of the world in the course of evolution.

DEMOCRACY AND IDEALS by John Erskine. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The ideal is that each one of us must see that our country takes its part by organizing against ignorance, the prime cause of disease, of poverty and of crime, and especially of those strong prejudices which in times past have led men to hate each other.

THE NEGRO FACES AMERICA by Herbert J. Seligmann. New York: Harper & Bros., \$1.75.

An impressionistic study of the color problem by a former member of the editorial staff of the New York Evening Post and the New Republic. Sane, careful, unprejudiced and soundly American.

"WHERE IRON IS" by Clarence K. Streit. New York: B. W. Huelsch, 50 cents.

A Freeman pamphlet issued at a moderate price and paper bound yet serviceable. The kernel of the nut is this: Coal and iron can no longer in any country remain private property.

PIC by George Langford. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.75.

I sat up half a night to read this book and then sent it on to my boy, for it is a rip roaring story of adventure of the kind that boys and men with boy's hearts love.

GROWING UP by Mary Heaton Vorse. New York: Boni & Liveright.

"The Prestons" attained a well deserved vogue, and it is safe to predict that "Growing Up" will not be far behind it. Thoughtful parents will welcome the work as a valuable study of child life.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS AND ADDRESSES OF AN AMERICAN LAWYER by Henry W. Taft. New York: The Macmillan Co., \$2.50.

A collection of speeches on subjects that have aroused bitter controversy at times, among which are Aspects of Bolshevism and Americanism, the League of Nations, and the Treaty in the Senate.

PAN-AMERICANISM by Joseph B. Lockey. New York: Macmillan Co., \$5.00.

An excellent study of the beginnings of Pan-Americanism which in the eyes of many, is a more important issue than the League of Nations. Full bibliography and carefully indexed.

# REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## Editing in Earthquakes

By William Marion Reedy

### California's Senatorship

THERE is enough political excitement in California now at the beginning of the campaign to supply half a dozen states. In the first place there is a hot senatorial contest. Orator Sam Shortridge, an old Southern Pacific henchman, is boosted for Republican nominee. When you have said "orator" you have described him. He luxuriates in language but he says nothing beyond powerfully recommending himself for the place as the pattest and most static stand-patter there is. William Kent is also in the running. He is a liberalist millionaire with large properties in land in California and Mexico, but he understands the land question and says that if the people have no more sense than to let him grow rich on the increase of value in his lands due to the development of the country he can't help it. That is like the late Tom Johnson of Cleveland. He was in the steel business and fought a protective tariff on steel, but he said if the country insisted on giving him the profit of the protective tariff, he couldn't help but take it. There was no way he could do any good by refusing it. He could not distribute it to the consumers from whom it was taken.

Kent is a Progressive. He is a Republican. He has advanced views upon industrial problems. There was a time when he was a financial supporter of the *Public* of Chicago and New York. He gave Muir Woods, a picturesque area of mountain wild, to the government, to save it from speculators, and when Colonel Roosevelt suggested that he let the government change the name of the domain to "Kent Wood" Kent replied that he had five sons whom he had given all possible advantages, and if they couldn't keep the name alive, it might as well die. He wanted to help perpetuate the name of John Muir, the naturalist, and to give the people a beautiful wild playground. Though Kent has large interests in Mexico he is against intervention. He says he got the property under laws and conditions that he recognized in all their bearings upon the investment and he accepts those conditions as he would fixed charges upon the conduct of any business. Knowing Kent's general attitude one wonders why he wasn't at the third party gathering at Chicago, and why he remains a Republican. He should be at the very least a Forty-eighter. He is much like Raymond Robins, who seems to be a Republican chiefly because he thinks the democracy of the Solid South makes the democracy of the Democratic party a joke. Kent is well supported by the Liberals. I suppose that Hiram Johnson is with him, but I don't know.

Johnson got mixed up with De Young of the *Chronicle* and other conservatives with intellectual constipation, while running for the presidential nomination and he accepts Harding and his platform and has generally gagged himself on the democratic issues upon which his distinction was based. I hear it said that the Southern Pacific railroad which

Johnson put out of business as the owner of California is back on the job and running things. The Southern Pacific was to California what the Missouri Pacific was to Missouri in the old days of the pass and Colonel Bill Phelps' general rule as king of the lobby. Johnson sits on his front porch and is still a Republican, somewhat as Senator Reed is still a Democrat—with nullifying reservations. None of the corporation or property elements is strong for Kent but many progressive Democrats like him. He is of a steadier, saner type than men like the Pinchots, Gifford and Amos.

Of another aspirant for the Republican nomination I know nothing. He is an able lawyer, a conservative and very respectable. Also a dry. I believe the fight is between Shortridge and Kent. Some people talk of running Hoover, but there's not much response. He is a spent rocket, after his presidential bloomer. Moreover it is rather late for him to get into the game.

The present Democratic senator from California is James D. Phelan. He wants to stay in the senate. He has a chance if any Democrat has, for he is a person both likeable and able. He is very wealthy, somewhat of an aristocrat in his air, but really democratic in his behavior. The people call him "Jimmy"—some in derision but more in affection, as was the case with Roosevelt's diminutive "Teddy." Phelan's wealth doesn't seem to offend people as some other wealth does. He is generous but not ostentatious. He was an excellent mayor of San Francisco and is familiar with affairs, can make a good speech, knows the ropes at Washington and is Californian to his boot laces. He stood by Wilson in all things in the Senate and he stood by California's winery interest in the fight on prohibition. He's a pretty good friend of Irish freedom, not exceeding the speed limit, and he was an earnest advocate of woman suffrage. Only recently he contributed \$1,000 to the cause. And to crown all, he is anti-Japanese. If any Democratic nominee can get to the Senate from California, Phelan is the man.

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### "The Jap Must Go!"

THE Japanese issue rages throughout California. The spirit of Denis Kearney walks the lovely ways among the valleys, warns from the hills and burns in the labor councils. Denis used to say, "The Chin-nese must go," with the accent on the "Chin." Now, as for a long time, it's the Japanese must go. A House investigating committee is probing the subject. The Californians want the Japanese prevented from holding property in the state, or, indeed, in the nation. Once they had almost passed laws to that effect, but then Secretary of State Bryan went to Sacramento and had the legislation held up. Now the Californians are going to put it through. Conversations are now in progress on the general subject between Washington and Tokio. It

looks as if Washington will put its foot down on colonization by Japanese. For Japan is not so cocky on recognition as a superior race as she was before the Peace Conference rejected her demands at the behest of Australia, Canada, and in a milder form, of this country. Maybe Japan will be still milder if as reported Great Britain has postponed an extension of the treaty with Japan as to the latter's practical paramountcy in Asia. Japanese racial equality demand being turned down at Paris, it was compensated for to some extent by giving Japan control of Shantung. Just now the race question is acute because, confronted with a shortage of labor here, many publicists and economists are declaring that the need must be supplied by Oriental immigration. Organized labor and almost every other California element is against this, except Colonel John P. Irish, erstwhile of Ohio, and some philanthropo-sentimentalists on race equality. Most people of the golden state fear the Japanese will crowd out the white man. They say that despite exclusion laws Japanese are smuggled into this country across the Mexican border.

There goes on a steady importation of "picture brides" from Japan. To the Japanese here are sent photographs of girls from Japan. They pick from the pictures the one to their taste. The selection is sent to Japan and soon the girl is sent over. Sometimes they come, as many as thirty at a time, consigned to men they never saw. The system is a kind of slavery. The girls are bought and paid for. But they breed children and those children are United States citizens. They can own land. They can vote. Some time ago the Japanese government agreed to put an end to the picture bride business.

The date set for its ending was February 25 last. But before that date the picture brides were hurried into this country in great numbers as goods are sent in before a new higher tax upon their importation goes into effect. And now that picture brides are banned a new scheme for getting wives is in operation. Japanese in this country adopt children in Japan. These "yosei" are sent over in droves. Many of the children are destined to be wives. The Japanese increase and multiply here amazingly, though they are not so conspicuous in the cities as one anticipates. They are plentiful in certain country sections. The children are said to be kept out of sight systematically, so as not to alarm the whites. Even so it is said Japanese children are crowding the whites out of the lower grade schools and creeping into the higher grades. Mr. V. S. McClatchy of the *Sacramento Bee* presents statistics that demonstrate all this quite conclusively, even alarmingly, if one is inclined to quake before the yellow peril. He says that in 1919 in California 427,000 acres were under Japanese control, and the crops of all kinds raised by Japanese were valued at \$67,000,000. Seventy-five per cent of the best irrigated lands in San Joaquin and Placer counties is controlled by Japanese. Recently it appears a group of Californians were negotiating the sale of 800,000 acres near the Mexican border to a Japanese development company, this land to be farmed by Japanese colonies. The State Department at Washington disapproved of the deal and it was dropped. Senator Phelan made this public. California shivered over its narrow escape from this subtle form of invasion.

One of the Californians in the deal was Harry Chandler, son-in-law of the late Gen-

eral Otis of the Labor-hated and once murderously dynamited *Los Angeles Times*. What nuts this was to William Randolph Hearst's San Francisco and Los Angeles *Examiners*! Hearst hates the Otis crowd in Los Angeles as bitterly as he hates the De Young *Chronicle* crowd in San Francisco. Anything they are for he is against in the biggest type and reddest ink. So the testimony before the House committee of investigation is glaringly spread abroad and the working class is kept perhaps more inflamed than informed. The Japs are going to get their jobs at Oriental wages. The Japs are gathering in land and putting the small farmer out of business. They are spreading the Japanese *mores* which are said to be utterly unmoral and they have sixty or seventy-five Japanese Buddhist temples in the state for the fostering of that religion. They are supposed to have sinister designs upon white women. They are supposed to be platting the passes in the mountains and the harbors for a Japanese military invasion. Every well-dressed, good English-speaking Japanese is a potential Japanese secret service agent gathering military intelligence for use against this country and almost all the quiet and inscrutable household servants, waiters, etc., are thought to be spying while "living on the enemy."

The outstanding fact is that the Japanese are workers and savers. They know no movement for thirty-six-hour weeks. They buy land wherever and whenever they can, and if it's bad land they make it good by patient industry. The potato king of California is George Shima, who like *Cleon* in the song, is supposed to have a million acres. He is a Japanese, knighted by the Emperor for services to the Japanese in America. He says he went to school to the same teacher as the Emperor and he guesses that this teacher boosted him into the knighthood. Shima told the House committee that he thought not only that Japanese should be freely admitted as immigrants and allowed to own lands, but that their marriage with whites should be encouraged. This shocked California like a good-sized *temblor*. Also California was grieved to find that Colonel John P. Irish was supposedly submitting his pro-Japanese writings before publication to Mr. Kawakami, the leading Japanese on the coast, and that Kawakami was freely editing them by both addition and subtraction. California smiled when Colonel Irish told the House committee that the letter from Kawakami to him, showing this editorial supervision and revision, was a "fake," planted so as to be found and thus to prove that Senator Phelan was practicing espionage upon the friends of the Japanese. Senator Phelan's popularity in the state is due about as much to his anti-Japanese attitude as to his agreeable personality and democratic behavior. Colonel Irish's explanation is thought to indicate a weakening of the Irish intelligence.

You hear no anti-Chinese agitation. California likes the Chinaman it used to hate. The Chinaman is more ingenuous than the Japanese. He works hard but he isn't a land-buyer. He is more to be trusted in affairs. He doesn't push himself, is more deferential. All ways are easier for him now than they were in the days when Dr. Doyle was writing stories like "The Shadow of Quon Lung." You will recall that nobody was more indignant against the award of Shantung to Japan than was Senator Hiram Johnson. Denis Kearney, if alive, would faint at the mere

thought of a Californian caring about any wrong done to China.

This racial issue along the coast, for it exists from Canada to Mexico, is not without bearing upon national affairs in other ways. For example, it is back of much agitation for our intervention in Mexico. It is an article of faith in California that Mexico is almost completely under Japanese domination. Moreover Japan is sorry she went in with the Allies who won't recognize her equality of social condition, and is getting together with Germany against us and the world. Therefore we must get busy on Mexico, go in and clean her up—and out. She has oil, and we have gas-less Sundays. She has peons who labor for almost nothing. She produces gold. Her other resources are untouched. We must get them out. So says Mr. Hearst, who has large properties there. He wants intervention at once—even before the advent on the scene of the new third party, which is trying desperately to escape the blight of his patronage and support. So says the Otis crowd, which thinks it would be a good thing to get peon labor into these states. It seems to me that it is most likely that in the event of the election of Mr. Harding we shall go into Mexico with a whoop and come out with all her movables. The Southwest and the extreme Northwest are in favor of this policy, if one may trust superficial indications.

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#### Morals and Movies

WARMER California, when not talking yellow peril, or playing as people can play only in California, talks movie. Los Angeles is the point of most virulent local infection on the movie subject. Its attitude towards the movies is like the South's as to the negro. The city is almost paralyzed even in the midst of its pride over surpassing San Francisco in population by the mere thought that it may lose the movie industry. The studios are an enormous asset. They are what the breweries were once to St. Louis. They spend millions annually on payroll and for material. They pay well for everything. They bring spenders to the city. They attract thousands of very nice people, and people not so nice, of which more anon. They are great supporters of the stores. Movies count more in some people's estimates of the city's resources than the oil industry. But—someone has whispered that the movie studios may move, and Los Angeles turns pale. Yes: someone has said the movies don't have to stay here for their picture making. It used to be said that nowhere else could there be found such sunshine without a shimmer or shake in it. It was the best sunlight for movie-picture-taking. But now a better light than sunlight has been invented or discovered. More finenesses photographic can be achieved with it, either for definition or for softening. The studios can get along without sunlight. Therefore the studios may be moved nearer to the population centers. The companies can save more money in railroad rates and fares. So Los Angeles lives in dread. But I think the dread is unnecessary. The studios find compensating advantages not necessary to enumerate, though one is the salubrity and general pleasantness of the climate, in spite of its monotony and a certain dryness even of its wonderful color effects. The people who work at the studios like to live in that climate. The big companies like to have contented staffs. And yet there is a condition that tends to make the best of moviedom wish to get away. It is this: Los Angeles is, as Willard

Huntington Wright wrote, "chemically pure." Emphasis on the "chemically," please! That is to say its purity is more of profession and pretense than of performance and fact. The place is, as it were, officially rather than personally, virtuous—terribly noisy on the subject, you know, protesting too much. Well, the angelic folk of Los Angeles have told terrible stories of the life that is lived by the studio colonies of actors, authors, artists, etc., the sort of thing that in John Wilkes' day, and Laurence Sterns', that used to be told about the doings of the merry monks of Medmenham Abbey, diabolism, orgies, wild revels, and all that. The marriage tie terribly unravels and miscellaneity rages amain. Imagine Paphos and the Capri of Tiberius' time and you'll get an idea of the sort of mental picture nice people with nasty minds have of the studio folk. There's some foundation for this undoubtedly, but not much. There's something left yet of the tradition of the vagabond player of Elizabeth's spacious days, and there are actor and other artist studio folk earning big money whose heads are turned to the life hedonistic. The Abbey of Theleme where the inmates did as they willed was probably more decorous than some of the places where movie folk not of the highest class most do congregate. But here as elsewhere there are more decent folk than the opposite kind. Most movie folk of the better class are cultured. They work hard. They are too busy, too much held to attendance upon the producers to have much time for the life orgiastic. Many, very many of them are of gentle breeding. Their taste preserves them, if their morals do not. It is these people who feel the weight of disapproval of the folk of movie-land. Undiscriminating "sassiety," snobs mostly, purse-proud, ignorant and therefore suspicious and uncharitable, attempt to put the social tabu upon these movie persons. They don't invite them to functions. They bar them from clubs. They treat them as pariahs. This is the worse because so many of the ostracized are equally as good morally and infinitely better intellectually and aesthetically than those who would shut them up in the studios as if they were segregated districts. These super-virtuous people don't hesitate to take any kind of movie money or to use movie talent when given free, but they draw the line socially. Naturally the ostracized resent this and don't like to live in such a hostile and frigid social environment. They would be glad to get away even at the sacrifice of the beautiful homes they have built in Hollywood and other places. The feeling of those people may after a while generate a movement to get the whole studio business away from here. I don't blame the people who are made to suffer for others' sins. Los Angelesians should learn to separate the sheep from the goats. It would be good business.

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### The Great Film Industry

THE movie works are a great show—quite bewildering—as bewildering as the stories about the studio pay-rolls, the expenditure for material in the making of films, the revenue from the patronage of 10,000,000 people daily throughout the country. The movies have saved acting as a profession, from extinction. They have fattened and multiplied authors and artists. The work shops are pantehnicons where are built everything. The store houses are museums of an infinitude of things related to that universal life which is the movies field of depiction. The best handicraftsmen in the world find employment in building and ornamenting structures that are destroyed as

soon as they have served the purpose of the play in which they are properties. Most folks think, I suppose, that the settings of the pictures they so much enjoy, are flimsies of lath and canvas. Nothing of the sort. The sets are solidly built of redwood and other material. The appointments are not imitation stuff but the real thing and many of them have to be especially done in colors mated to the necessities of tone effect in the pictures. A big studio is a wilderness of a world coming out of chaos, with hordes of people as active in the confusing midst of it all, as are the workers in the great steel mills of Pennsylvania. Go into it and you are dazed and amazed. There are faces in the busy crowd you know well and yet can't say where you saw them. These are faces of actors and actresses seen on screens long since forgotten. At every turn you experience the sensation of having been in that spot before. And there's something ghostly in your glimpses of pantomimic bits of drama being "shot" by the photographers. You get the impression that everybody engaged in movie production must be very patient and the work most trying. This play production is hard work. The players are sometimes hard driven by the director. They do a scene over and over again, often, I am told, without any idea of the whole of which the particular scene is a part; but this is being changed now. The actors are given a reading of the whole scenario and they don't "register" in the fierce light this or that emotion or passion or sentiment, utterly in the dark as to what it's all about. The players are taken into the directors' confidence with good results. And the photographic work is indescribably various—pictures taken at long range and short, from above and below, every way. Here are flitting movie queens and beaux in paint and costume, through endless rooms of all periods, palaces, hovels, tenements, on ships and in airships and automobiles. But you won't see one of them in a period costume, in silks and velvet and brocade. Why? The public doesn't want the costume stuff. It can't identify itself with those gaily, colorfully attired people who are met in period novels. The heroes, heroines, villains, ingenues, etc., must be in the dress of today. The movie theatre owners learned this from their patrons, reported it to the producers; hence no more "Three Guardsmen," "School for Scandal," or other romantic stuff. Picture production costs money. The producer takes no chances he can avoid, for a good movie involves an initial expenditure of from \$20,000 up—pay of actors, cost of structure, properties, film and everything. Then when he has taken some miles of film the state censors may cut out long slices of it at much loss, not alone in money but in coherence of the production. Some censors won't permit the picture men to show a woman approaching motherhood drinking or the layette of the expected baby. Others won't stand for a picture of a man taking a drink. It can show the man lifting the drink to his lips but not drinking it. The picture may show a man pointing a pistol at another, and the man pointed at, dead, later, but not the actual shooting. The censors tear pictures to pieces regardless of expense to the producers. *Camille* has to be *Armand's* fiancée in the legends. Moralism ruthlessly edits the nude out of some pictures and leaves the lewd in others. Puritanism has held back movie development to an extent few people can realize. The puritanism of the Percival Chubb sort, I mean. And yet this Mr. Chubb was once president of the Drama League. God help the drama!

### Producers vs. Exhibitors

MOVING about in film-land I naturally made inquiry concerning the war between the owners of the theaters and the greatest of the producing concerns, the Lasky-Paramount Company. The exhibitors' side of the controversy has been presented in the columns of the MIRROR. They aver that the Lasky-Paramount Trust is trying to freeze them out, entering the various cities, buying out theaters and, failing that, building big new ones on sites favorable to the design of capturing the patronage. It is but fair to say that the Lasky-Paramount concern is the one which represents the best in picture-dom. It is enabled because of its financial power to put more of the best obtainable ability into its productions. It is fair to all its people. It has made its stars, more than its stars have made it. It is working steadily through the exertions of men like Cecil and William De Mille as directors to give a psychological quality to the picture drama, to impart to it atmosphere and fluency, subordinating thereto the mere mechanics of production. They try to present character as well as action, to get as nearly as possible something of the magic that inheres in the human voice, the lack of which, thus far, has been the chief defect of the new dramatic form, and they are succeeding beyond expectation, as is shown in Mr. William De Mille's production of "The Prince Chap," which has been acclaimed as approximating the animation of the spirit in addition to mere mechanistic perfection. The Lasky-Paramount concern aspires to be only such a monopoly as may be attained by that excellence of service which will make competition hopeless. It has no privilege on which monopoly can be based any more than Henry Ford's motor company has; so if it be a trust it is a defensible one.

Now, as to its alleged attempt to crowd out or crush the exhibitors, I am told that so far as it has done anything that looks like that, it is only acting in self-preservation. The exhibitors, organized into the First National Pictures Association, started the trouble. Getting together they felt that they were the only means by which Lasky-Paramount could get its product to the people, they could set themselves up as a toll-gate on that road and exact their own terms for passage. So National Pictures sent word to Lasky-Paramount that the latter's films would be accepted and exhibited only on terms favorable to National Pictures. The exhibitors association had a strong chain of theaters. Their demand was threatening. Lasky-Paramount saw that it had to surrender or to acquire or build new theaters and it told National Pictures that was what it would do if forced to fight. There was a conference at which Lasky-Paramount agreed that it would not go into the exhibition business if National Pictures would agree to accept Lasky-Paramount product upon a reasonable basis. It was so agreed, but as the Lasky side avers, National Pictures, growing stronger, began again to serve ultimata as to what they would and would not do and pay. They would shortly be in a position if they continued to add to their membership, to shut Lasky-Paramount out of the market. Then it was that the great producing company got busy buying and building theaters, first to protect themselves and then as a necessary sequence to fight the exhibitors who were fighting them. This evoked the wild "holler" we have heard from the exhibitors. Minor rivals of Lasky-

Paramount in the producing line, seeking sale for their product, naturally rallied to the support of the exhibitors, among them the new Fairbanks-Pickford-Chaplin combination of producers and players. So it is combination against combination, at the least. All the exhibitors of the country are not in the combination of picture houses. That combination is about 250 strong. There are 18,000 picture houses in the United States. There are enough houses left with which Lasky-Paramount can do an enormously profitable business and its effort is to make pictures so good that exhibitors must have them or be left in the competition. Brains and money will win in this fight of one so-called trust against another, and on the showing here presented it would seem that National Pictures is a bit more of a combination in restraint of trade than the Lasky-Paramount aggregation. As *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* would say, "It's a very pretty quarrel as it stands." And I but tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

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### The Movies Absorbing Literature

AN interesting bit of information I came upon was to the effect that the movie magnates are setting about capturing the fiction and "speakie" drama fields in literature for their ends. The Goldwyns, I have heard, have secured control of the Street and Smith publishing house and its fiction periodicals, one of which is *Ainslie's* magazine. It will get with such fiction as comes the picture rights thereof and will get them early and cheaper. The Goldwyns were said recently to be in negotiation for control of the Century Publishing Company, its *Century Magazine* and its novels. The Goldwyns have put a lot of money into certain New York theaters too, where they get first crack at all the "speakie" plays. A dramatist tells me that there's no hope of production for a play that cannot be movie-ized. They thus get control of plays before the plays are popular successes and of course authors will sell cheaper than when their work has become popular. It is this writing of speakie plays with later movie production in mind, that keeps out of contemporary drama all the perfume and grace of the nuances and subtleties of characterization and dialogue. All plays thus tend to the movie *genre*, losing thereby the spiritual quality of drama in the strain for action in the physical rather than the classic dramatic sense. I have heard too that the Lasky-Paramount people have an arrangement with the battery of Hearst publications for first pick of anything printed that may be "movied." This explains why most American fiction has a movie quality. Literature thus becomes the handmaiden and the bondmaiden of the camera. And in due course the movies controlling the magazines will get into and get hold of the magazine advertising for use on the screen. The men in the movie business are not overlooking any bets. They can buy artistry. I see that Joseph Urban, the scenic artist, is out here to lend his decorative symphonic genius to the movie settings of a big studio. The movies are using all the best dancers and the best ballet-masters, all the artists in stage lighting. They refuse, however, to have much to do with the synchronization of the picture and the phonograph into the speaking movie. They say that it can be used effectively only in the presentation of one speaking person, and is unavailable for the interchange of speech between pictured groups.

### Single Tax Stirs California

WHEREVER you go in California you are confronted by the petition pest—petitions for submission of legislation by initiative or to referendum. This is the state where those devices of direct legislation thrive most abundantly. I don't know how many submission campaigns are now on. Solicitors for signatures are paid on an average five cents for every name secured. Everybody is ready to sign a petition sight unseen so that the yield from the solicitation is not so bad. There are municipal and state petitions. Surely this bringing of legislation down to the individual citizen stimulates a keen personal interest in government, that is, among people who have the capacity to be interested in anything other than business or pleasure. Most of the petitions have to be filed this month. Some proposals already assured of place on the ballot may be discussed.

There is a single tax proposition. All single-taxers are not for it. The difference between the factions is so fine that only Georgian technicians can appreciate them. Of the two opposing groups of single-taxers, one is the Great Adventure group. It is out for the single tax full rounded and complete, right away, hot off the bat, without concession, capitulation or compromise. It is the howling dervish stage of agitation. The appeal is emotional, sentimental, sensational. It talks of a hundred dog-hospitals in Los Angeles, while the poor go hungry. That's good for those who like it, but the manner of its making looks and sounds like Communist Socialism or Bolshevism. The opposition to this is calm and cool and philosophical. It would argue the case from expediency. It would show the practicality of single tax as a means of raising revenue easily, quickly, cheaply, justly, and its value as a progressive instrumentality in relieving all business, all production, all wealth of all kinds—except wealth in land values taken by the few though made by the many—of taxation. It would tax people of what society or government gives to them, rather than on what they give of wealth in production or service, to the community. This is natural taxation. The present system is artificial, inefficient, unproductive of sufficient revenue and promotive of perjury and corruption. These philosophers think the way to get the single tax is by home rule, letting each political subdivision of the state determine what it shall tax or exempt from taxation. Experience and common sense will show that the thing to tax is the wealth created by everybody and made evident in land value. That would be the way to get the unearned increment out of the land values held by the Southern Pacific and other roads, and the Miller and Lux estate, controlling millions of acres, into the public treasury. They want to go slow. The Great Adventurers want their millennium all at once, in one fell swoop, with one dull thud on the quivering frame of privilege. The home rulers say the time is unpropitious for agitation. Feeling has turned against economic agitation. The interest in the presidential election will eclipse and obscure the single tax campaign. Moreover the Great Adventure movement though so radical omits to make provision for the taxation of public service franchises which are community values, and people will not approve of thus exempting those great parasitic interests. The Great Adventurers say franchises reduce to land values and their measure will get them. The discussion of these differences between the groups is good natured. The home rulers are chiefly San Franciscans; the Great Adventurers Los Angelesians. They

are Guelph and Ghibelline. The two cities divide thus on almost everything. In the view of each place no good can come out of the other. But the San Franciscans don't fight the Los Angeles group, but just lay low and say nothing.

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### Killing the I. and R.

For myself, I'm for any and every proposition that will set people to thinking and talking about and voting on the single tax. That has educational value. It is excellent propaganda. Single tax came within 75,000 votes of carrying in California in 1912. It received 267,000 votes out of 375,000 in 1914. It was beaten by 242,000 in 1918. Four times the state has voted upon it. This year the campaign for it is hot. It won't win but it will develop more single taxers. The Great Adventurers are buzzing all over the state. There are some good country papers for the measure. Californians are open-minded as a rule with regard to everything except the Japanese and the climate. The climate that prevails while the stranger is here is always exceptional. For instance there was a big rain and thunder storm this morning—in July! On the same ballot with the single tax proposition is a proposition to kill not only the single tax but the initiative and referendum as well. This is advocated by the Peoples' Anti-Single Tax League. The proposition to amend the constitution so that all measures proposing a law or constitutional amendment relating to the assessment or collection of taxes shall be submitted to the people unless the petition shall prohibitive number. To secure that number of signatures is impossible because of the expense, if not for other reasons. The proposal shows how much the landlords and realtors dread the single tax even though it has been four times defeated. Los Angeles is real estate mad. Land values are on the rise from present abnormal prices and realtor runners grab you and rush you into rubber-neck wagons to whisk you out to subdivisions forty miles away or less. Land speculation is the leading industry, after the movies. Single tax will kill real estate speculation. If the people want such speculation to continue, all right, but this anti-single tax amendment would do more than that. It would kill the initiative and referendum as to "all measures relating to the collection and assessment of taxes." It leaves all such matters to the legislature, fourteen members of which can block any plan of taxation, even though there should be a large majority for the plan. There is no governmental function touching the people so closely as taxation, yet the people can have no voice on the subject. The proposed amendment applies only to taxation matters, not to other initiated or referred propositions; therefore it is discriminatory; it is special legislation. The amendment would nullify the whole scheme of direct legislation by the people and destroy the democracy of the state government. That may beat it. If not the courts probably will. Men like Hiram Johnson, Senator Phelan, Governor Stephens, Congressmen Kent, Nolan and Raker and other notabilities oppose it. So the single tax amendment and the anti-single tax amendment are on the same ballot. The San Francisco home rulers seem to think the thing to do is to concentrate on killing the anti-single tax amendment, and that the pressure for the single tax amendment will bring out support for the other. They say it is more important to save the initiative and referendum than to push the single tax, because without the former there is no chance now or ever to press for single tax. The Great Adventurers say

the thing to do is let go with both barrels, one to kill the anti-single tax proposal, the other to put over the pro-single tax proposal. And there you are. I have friends in both camps. I'm with both of them in the purposes upon which they are agreed. It all makes for more single taxers, as cat-fights mean more cats. California will probably beat the anti-single tax amendment, because it will be scratched by thousands who are not single taxers. All the single taxers will turn out and the Great Adventure proposal will get a big vote.

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### The Third Party Failure

MEANWHILE the Single Taxers in the Cave of Adullam at Chicago withdrew from the convention that was going too rapid on paternalism and formulated their platform in one plank for the untaxing of everything the result of labor and the taxing of the full economic rent out of all land value. They did right. Single tax doesn't go at all with the kind of radicalism the Laborites set forth at Chicago, though single tax is the most radical and most workable reform for economic conditions ever proposed in the world. It would render socialism unnecessary and it would fully conserve individualism, while taking care of all the rights and needs of the community. The third party utilized itself at the beginning. It went too far in furtherance of class consciousness. It brings not peace, but a sword into social life. It takes up matters like the race question in the South that politics cannot solve. It drives straight for bureaucracy when what we want is increasingly less of that same. It exalts government and smothers the individual, and it runs counter to national and racial instinct. Mr. Christensen, the nominee for president, and Mr. Hayes for vice-president are honest, earnest men, but their platform repels more support than it attracts. It has a too foreign flavor. The only distinctively American reform, the single tax, was thrown out of the window, the one direct deadly method of attack ever designed against privilege, the one thing that will take the burden off the back of labor.

The Forty-eighters were rough-housed by the Laborites, the Plumb Planites and the others. They built high hopes upon Senator LaFollette, but he couldn't accept any platform but his own—and it is a very good one; so good the Republican convention would hardly listen to the reading of it. The Non-Partisan League was not willing to get out of line with the Republican Party. The Anti-League of Nations folk thought that the Republican opposition to that was good enough for them. The Friends of Irish Freedom got their plank, but it won't do them much good. Such a plank in the old party platforms would have meant something. It means little in the Farmer-Labor Party, a minority poorly organized and unlikely to have much voice in Congress. I think the Irish plank will turn against the party the anti-Catholic rural vote throughout the country. That vote is enormous. Politicians deny this but go with them into a caucus on nominations and suggest a Catholic candidate, and note the chorus of declarations that he is unavailable because the country people won't support a Catholic for any high office. I don't approve this; I only state it. When the Forty-eighters first thought of Frank P. Walsh as a presidential nominee his Roman Catholicism was the chief fact urged against him. No considerable body of Irish birth or descent will follow the third party. They are too practical for that. The third partyites did nothing to get the

support of the dries, discontented and disaffected by the refusal of the Republicans and Democrats to declare for no change in the Volstead act. That is the largest body of political discontents there is. It is made up largely of women. The women are thus alienated from the third party, and most of the male evangelicals.

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### Convention Prayers

THE most striking thing that came out of the cave was the fighting prayer of Rev. George Chalmers Richmond of St. Louis, in which he reminded God that England, Wall Street, the Republican and Democratic parties were His enemies, and prayed for President Wilson's emancipation from the influences of those enemies of God. The only prayer of this kind to be compared with the fiery Dr. Richmond's was that uttered some years ago in London by Tom Mann, when he asked ten thousand strike workers to repeat after him the words of this petition, "Oh, God, strike Lord Devonport dead," and they did repeat it. But Lord Devonport, then the incarnation of opposition to the strike, still lives, I believe. I think Dr. Richmond's prayer was too strong meat for most of the political dissidents, but even so, he said what he meant and said it strikingly. I've heard a lot of convention prayers this week, but Dr. Richmond's takes the palm for directness from all of them. The one that came nearest it was that given by a priest at San Francisco, consisting of J. G. Holland's poem, the first line of which is "God give us men! A time like this demands." That was pretty rough stuff, with its condemnation of men whom the spoils of office buy, and of the "treacherous flatteries" of demagogues. A rabbi at San Francisco quoted Kipling's "Recessional" in his prayer—which was going it a little strong too. I was not much impressed by any of those convention prayers which were read from manuscript as if they were essays. They were all too stylistic, too self-conscious. The petitioners seemed to be listening too hard to themselves and striving for effect upon the delegates. They were too much like the nominating speeches. Dr. Richmond's prayer, though, reminded me remotely of Milton's poem on the massacres in Piedmont—"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints!" The third party platform hasn't the punch of Dr. Richmond's invocation, which was very much of an imprecation like that of the Jewish prophets against their enemies. Yes; I think St. Louis has the hottest stuff prayer what there is.

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### The Community Property Law

ANOTHER thing that has California all upset is the community property law. You'd think from reading the papers that this law meant a sex war and the institution of an Amazonian matriarchy. It's awful to contemplate the terrible things that able lawyers say are going to happen as the result of this law. The law makes a fifty-fifty rule as to testamentary capacity in the disposition of the common property of man and wife. All property becomes subject to administration upon the death of husband or wife and all property must go into court. Says one lawyer, community debts accumulated in the course of business will be affected by the law so that every creditor will have to find out whether or not his debt due from a married man is community or individual. If the former, the wife will have to sign all papers to the transaction. All wills must be endorsed by both husband and wife to be valid unless the community property be left to the other spouse or

lineal descendants. This limits the disposition of a man's property to his wife or children, and without his wife's consent he can leave none of his property to dependent relatives or to charity. If a wife dies first it may compel the liquidation of the husband's business and forced distribution of the estate among minors, or their admission into interest in the business, perhaps to the distaste of the husband. Some lawyers think that wives will have to sign checks with their husbands to make them valid in payment of debts. Pursuing this line of argument the law makes the wife the boss. But it isn't as bad as all that. The conservatives are more frightened than they will be hurt by giving a wife a share in the property of her husband, and the right to will that property at death. In point of fact the wife is given no authority—

There! A shock of earthquake while I'm writing this, Friday morning. The house rocks first up and down joltingly, then oscillates sideways, with a slight rumbling sound as if an exceptionally heavy truck were passing on the street. For a second or two the conversation about the house stops, then is resumed with accompaniment of laughter. The incident will get ten lines in the afternoon paper, unless the *temblor* has done some damage elsewhere within its area of action. Promptly it is forgot and I resume—

The wife is given no authority over property during her husband's life. He has its management and control: in fact the law distinctly confirms this during the life of both. It does not affect the separate property of either, only the common property of both. Either spouse may by will give one-half the common property to the other or to his or her children. If either desires to bequeath any of the property to other persons the approval of the other must be attached to the instrument. If there be no will at the death of one the property goes to the survivor.

The charge that the law will compel wives to become active partners in their husbands' business is poppycock. The law doesn't come into action until the death of one or the other. The wife cannot hog her husband's estate and refuse to pay his creditors. Claims against the husband are binding on the community property. The law is only fair. Most men will all their property to their wives, as probate records show. Without the law half of the community property is diverted from the wife. A similar law in Arizona has not driven business from the state, as some Californians profess to think would be the case here. The array of supposedly eminent talent that is throwing a fit over this law is astonishing. Mrs. Elizabeth L. Kenney, a woman lawyer, knocks out the entire crowd with her defense of the law, which is one of those submitted to referendum in November. The worst thing the bill will do, so far as I can see, is that it will, when it becomes a law, necessitate the changing of many wills now made by the addition of wives' signatures thereto. It may increase the payment of taxes—that is, a husband whose wife wills him her half of their common property will have to pay an inheritance tax on it in addition to the tax he has already paid on it. That it will force a man to liquidate his business on the death of his wife I do not see.

But after all, the thing is right. A wife should have a say in the testamentary disposition of property in the accumulation of which she participated with her husband. And if a husband cannot will property away without his wife's consent, neither can a wife without her husband's. The law is no legal or social earth-

quake. Not even a *temblor* like the one which for a moment derailed my train of thought a little while back.

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### **The Play in the Canyon**

THE other evening I went to see something of which Los Angeles is justly proud—the play “The Pilgrimage” put on under the auspices of Mrs. Yorke Stevenson. It is a passion play, like Oberammergau’s—an unforgettable thing. It is the story of Christ from Bethlehem to the Cross and the Ascension—an enactment of the gospels. The dramatic presentation is very faithful to the gospel text in this, that it preserves scrupulously almost every recorded saying of the Saviour. It makes him speak his parables. He recites to the apostles, who ask him how they shall pray, the Lord’s Prayer. He sits down with three children and says the lines Suffer little children to come unto me. The incidents out of which these sayings grew are presented in colorful scenes by actors excellent indeed for amateurs. All the main action takes place on a dais led up to by steps of masonry from a lower level where are displayed minor groups in roles contributory to the higher theme. Back of the stage towers a mountain. The audience is seated in a canyon closed by that mountain. Colored lights play over the mountain background in most delightful fashion bringing out the glories of sheer scraps of rock and clumps of bush and stunted tree. Across the mountains pass the Christ and other figures, the spotlight picking them out as they progress on the paths. This is the canyon El Camino Real, the King’s Highway. It was gouged out seemingly just for this purpose, to which it is now being put. The roof is the heavens with sparse stars in a pale sky ranging in tone from purple blue to pale lapis lazuli. It is a noble scene and space, this gulf with the brightly costumed folk on the bright-lit platform acting out an immortal story known to everyone in the audience seated between the black rocks that wall the canyon’s mouth. The audience is in darkness.

And before them goes on the Pilgrimage. The acoustics of the canyon playhouse are perfect. No architect knows the secret of acoustics. Here the foundations of the world have upheaved to make a perfect theatre auditorium. The weakest voice among the actors is clearly heard. The actor who impersonates the Saviour, Mr. Henry Herbert, has a voice of exquisite modulations. His gestures befit our traditional conceptions of this mighty role. His carriage is dignified without being stiffened into formality. The role is utterly untheatrical. The make-up is on the lines of the imprint upon Veronica’s towel but this too is not overdone. The Christ is in flowing white around which the variegatedly raimented groups and individuals move. The acting I should say is not less impressive than was Lang’s at Oberammergau. The gospel miracles are enacted with fine truth, and there is a wierd but not overdone scene when the man possessed of the devil called Legion bursts upon the assemblage in his naked sun-scorched wildness and the Saviour calls forth the demons and the people come in a little later and cry out that two thousand swine have just rushed into the sea. The making of the blind to see, the curing of the young man ill from youth, the raising of the widow’s son from the dead—all these things are done with restrained realism. The scene in which the woman with a flow of blood touches the Christ in

the crowd and he says “Who hath touched me?” is a vivid tableau, and the writing on the sand when the woman taken in adultery is brought before Him and he says, Let him who is without sin cast the first stone, is vividly thrilling. The Last Supper is not too closely but freely modeled upon Da Vinci’s painting and the agony in the garden of Gethsemane is done in a key not too fustian, but with deep artistic sincerity. The culmination of the tragedy we do not see, but all that leads up to it. Judas and Peter and other apostles appear consistent with their historical characters. Caiphas and Pilate contribute; the one his hypocritical malice, the other his Roman dubiety of truth to the action. We see the Condemned mocked, struck, crowned with thorns, falling under the cross as the mob howls and snarls and jeers about him. And then—darkness in the gulf and three crosses white in spotlight at the very top of the mountain. The effect was throughout that of pity merging into awe. The setting of the play undoubtedly contributed to this but the acting was not to be found fault with save by the hypercritical. There were a dozen of them, men and women, who did surpassing well in their roles, and the ensembles were richly effective.

Seeing the play is a memorable experience for anyone. I am glad that its season promises to be a big success. That shows that Californians are not all mere pleasure or gold seekers, but can give themselves up to emotions utterly divorced from grossness or frivolity. “The Pilgrimage” awakens the religious feeling of any beholder, and it is a spiritually pachydermatous person indeed who cannot thrill to the sudden stir and flash of wrath when the Saviour scourges the moneylenders from the temple or the Roman governor washes his hands and asks “What is truth?” as he delivers Christ to the howling mob—with the soft night overhead and the mountain topped with a brilliant star.

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### **The Community Spirit**

THE success of “The Pilgrimage” is but part of the working of the community spirit. I saw another manifestation of it last Sunday in a community sing in a pleasant little valley near El Camino Real canyon. A couple of hundred people sat on the hillside and sang old songs and hymns under the direction of a clever leader whose persiflage in getting them to let themselves go was as amusing as the work of the best vaudeville monologists or the colloquial familiarities of a disinfected Billy Sunday. In response the crowd sang until the little valley resounded. There was a limpid voiced soloist with a most distinct enunciation who sang two or three songs, and Mrs. Dr. Carter made a nice little talk introducing Reverend Doctor Martin, who told us eloquently about the Los Angeles that is to be a city ethically and aesthetically greater than Athens when her people learn to work as harmoniously as they sing together. Then we all stood up and I held the little song-book so that I and Mrs. William C. DeMille, the pretty and lovely daughter of the immortal Henry George, could read the words of the generally unknown second verse of “The Star Spangled Banner.” It’s something, let me tell you, for a single taxpayer or indeed for anybody to be brought within the range of the irradiations of the blithe and bright personality of that boon woman who labors lovingly at the task of bringing to be the vision her father saw out in these California hills fifty years ago, when he saw how Poverty dogs Progress down the

ages, and how the fanged pursuer can surely be destroyed. The mere association was somewhat of a religious service to me, especially as I realized how the Georgian vision is that of the perfection of community service and co-operation in putting community made wealth at the service of the community and releasing the individual from bondage to the lords of the land—

*There it is again!* Another little earthquake that rocks the house like a boat until you imagine you can hear things falling down inside the walls, and the ceiling creaks creepily and the floor acts like it has an attack of goose-flesh rippling over it. This time it is a bit disconcerting while it lasts. Shall you rise and run? What use? Things may topple on you before you start. You have intimations of interior weakness and uncertainty. But you are helpless. So you sit tight while the earth acts like a dog that shakes itself coming out of the water and then trembles diminuendo to quiescence. It is a remarkable experience—editing in an earthquake. The phone bells rings. It is for me. A ribald person at the other end of the line says, “Howdje like that one? The next is for the drinks! Doesn’t it beat a Missouri shake-down of presidential candidates?” I’ve heard of people who spoke disrespectfully of the equator, but just now I would rather that irreverent persons would not say anything about an earthquake that might make it mad.

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### **Soft-Pedaling the Jolt**

MY quake qualms were slight because I was in a low-built house in Hollywood at the time, but in downtown Los Angeles, in the tall buildings especially, there were precipitate evacuations of the tenantry, some broken glass, a crack in the court house wall and quite a deal of hysterics. Most of Los Angeles stayed home that night because a sixth quake was predicted. But the afternoon papers barely mentioned the occurrence, as if it were a woodshed fire. A wire from the mayor of San Francisco to the mayor of Los Angeles proffering sympathy and aid if needed was taken almost as an affront and declined with none too courteous thanks. The papers next morning gave the shake three or four columns, mostly devoted to showing the thing did not amount to much, that there could not be a big quake at Los Angeles because the earth crust here rests on a sand cushion of shock absorber and that the high hopes raised in San Francisco’s malefic bosom of a cataclysmic set-back of her rival were destined to the disappointment her jealousy deserved. Mayor Snyder issued a proclamation plea to all persons writing to papers, or persons outside that they should not exaggerate the diminutive seismic shudder. By Sunday there were patriotic Los Angelesians ready to make affidavit that the quake was a delusion of the patrons of the city’s pertinaciously prevalent bootleggers. Civic pride *en masse* determinedly agreed that the *temblor* was an error of mortal mind. This was all as fine in its way as it was funny. Los Angeles was fearful that its excess of population over San Francisco might take flight over night from the prospect of being gulped into earth’s rumbling belly. The people concentrated conversationally on the lack of gasoline, much more of a deprivation, it seems, than the lack of liquor. It is not unlikely that the city fathers will have the geological shimmy expunged from the seismological records, all of which is another showing of the fervency and coherency of the community spirit here.

### Fissiparation

RETURNING to politics, it is in order to note that the third party splits up into fourth, fifth and sixth parties: Single Taxers, World War Veterans, Forty-eighters, Nonpartisan Leaguers—all against the radical Farmer-Labor Party, which smothers the farmer element. The prohibitionists are talking of drafting Bryan as their candidate but indications are that he will be a conscientious objector.

But the Republicans too are splitting on an important issue, for the *Times* here insists that a League of Nations is necessary to get and keep the world in order and Mr. Harding must declare for a League in which the United States shall be the dominant power in arms and money. The *Times* shows Elihu Root's arbitration court proposals rest on the basis of the League's council and assembly. I suspect that as the campaign progresses Harding will be as strong as Cox for the treaty with reservations, and Cox as earnest for the preservation of the integrity of the alcoholic content clause in the Volstead Act as Harding. The old parties are going to beat a sneak on the presidency in an orator puff canvass. The people who feel deeply the inadequacy, the evasion and insincerity of this attitude have nothing to concentrate upon for the registration of their protest. The I. W. W. elements' bull-dozing at Chicago has dissipated and futilized the forces of reform which, but for that rampageous radicalism, would have fused into a body of citizenry whose strength at the polls would at least warn the winner of the November elections against a brutal disregard of the Liberals who do not want a return to the kind of government we had in the halcyon and vociferous days of Schedule K and Marcus Alonzo Hanna.

LOS ANGELES, July 13-19.

## Reflections

By Charles J. Finger

### A Book in a Thousand

IN the Mirror office there are hundreds of books sent in for review. They arrive daily by mail and express and freight. A girl is kept busy indexing them. The valuable time of two men is largely employed in reading them. There is one stack of novels knee high. Some of them seem to be tiresome. Most of them seem to end with a kiss, a quiet wedding or an embrace. Many of them contain passages of absurd bathos. Here and there one finds something akin to lubricity. Then there is a wavering column composed of books of verse; wavering, because poets seem to affect odd make-ups in their volumes. Many of the poets seem to rhyme with facility, but, unfortunately, the work is neither interesting nor striking. Then there are books on the war and the effects of the war and what caused the war and what might have prevented the war. There are books on political economy, books full of wishy-washy sentimentality, uplift books, depressing books, books that aim to be realistic, books intended to excite a lachrymose sympathy in the reader, books satirical, imaginative, semi-humorous. Most common of all is the book that tells a tale of social position achieved by dint of "smartness." Then there are emotional romances, fantastic romances, historical romances, mystical romances, and, lately, psychical romances. There are plays and playlets and untragic tragedies. From the discouraging pile, I seized upon one, a book well printed, beautifully bound. It is "Enslaved," by John Masfield, and published by the MacMillan Company, and I want to tell you about it in the sheer desire to induce you to read it.

To me, Masfield's poems are full of melody, color and enthusiasm and his work is always unpretentious and sincere. The most of it is thoroughly modern in tone of thought. For lyric enthusiasm

of narration, his poetry is unexcelled. Take for example his "Widow of Bye Street." Or for the matter of that "Reynard the Fox," or "Everlasting Mercy" or "Dauber." Whoso cannot read and enjoy them lacks literary taste. But the succession of Masfield's poems shows a steady growth in power of literary expression as well as in dramatic construction. A reading of "Enslaved" shows this to be true. There is a grasp of human character apparent. There is a depth of insight. His characters live. They have their prejudices, their motives, their ambitions and their ideals. They are shown wavering in a storm of emotion. Our hearts are gripped as they pass through their Gethsemanies. You see, like many more of us, Masfield has tasted the bitter dregs. He has descended into the hell of commercialism and known hunger and want and despair. Delighting in beautiful things he has been surrounded with all that is ugly and sordid and drab. The result of his experience is a passionate sympathy for humanity and the gift of that happy combination of thought and phrase that reveals him as a poet of the first rank.

Much more might be said, and, haply said better. But what I want to do is to get you who read this to read the book itself, which is a tale of a Christian woman captured by Moors. Had I my way, I would devote a whole number of the Mirror to Masfield in the effort to bring poet and reader together. I would quote page after page of "Enslaved," and the whole of the wonderful "Hounds of Hell." I would copy passage after passage to show you that the romanticism which sees in life something vague and incomprehensible and mystic is foreign to him. In a word I would quote freely to show you his closeness to life.

The whole tale is a story of the courage of friendship and fidelity. Whitman, Carpenter, Clough, Thoreau sang of friendship in no uncertain note. So also did Wordsworth and Shelley. But somehow the passage that I am going to quote from "Enslaved" grips me wonderfully. Perhaps it is because once I was released from prison and felt the sudden joy of nature and love and fellowship but was unable to find words for my joy. Here is the passage:

*The King and all his court rode down to see  
Us four glad souls put seawards from Saffee.*

*In the last glowing of the sunset's gold  
We looked our last upon that pirate hold;  
The palace gilding shone awhile like fire;  
We were at sea with all our heart's desire  
Beauty and friendship and the dream fulfilled.  
The golden answer to the deeply willed,  
The purely longed for, hardly tried for thing,  
Into the dark our sea boat dipped her wing  
Polaris climbed out of the dark and shone,  
Then came the moon, and now Saffee was gone  
With all hell's darkness hidden by the sea.*

*O beautiful is love and to be free  
Is beautiful, and beautiful are friends.  
Love, freedom, comrades surely make amends  
For all these thorns through which we walk to  
death.  
God let us breathe your beauty with our breath.*

*All early in the Maytime when daylight comes at  
four,  
We blessed the hawthorn blossom that welcomed us  
ashore,  
O beautiful in this living that passes like the foam  
It is to go with sorrow yet come with beauty home.*

Say I, thank God for Masfield. Albeit this brief notice is of small worth if you fail to read the book.

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### Love and the Drama

IN England there has been some argument concerning the play of today. Mr. Swinnerton has expressed his contempt for "sexual love" as a dramatic motive, and William Archer has taken issue

with him. Archer holds that love must always be the mainspring of the drama because it is the mainspring of life itself. With what seems to be a deplorable lack of knowledge on his part he holds that without love, life could not exist. There are collateral arguments and side issues more or less pertinent, with Archer and his friends declaring that even the world war was caused by love. That is, each nation being full of love for the mother country, sprang to sword and gun, to submarine and gas tank, to airplane and barbed wire. Then someone else arose and pointed out that by the same token, love was the mother of death and not life. The open debate being waged on no narrow plane, there was a consideration of murder and violence and their admissibility as central motives in novels and stories.

Of course sexual love has its place in life as any other appetite has, but recent drama has over-emphasized the point. The love motif in the affairs of men plays no great part in fact. Neither the north nor the south pole were discovered for love's sake. Sex impulse did not prompt the penetration of Africa any more than it led to the invention of the locomotive or the steamboat or the post-hole digger. It had nothing to do with the discoveries of Roger Bacon or Kepler or Tycho Brahe and it had no part in the world shaking events such as the French Revolution, the Thirty Years' War or the discovery of America.

Coming to the lives of individual men we find, if we strip ourselves of sentimental prejudices, that love interest holds a minor place. To the healthy boy, full of fancies and hungering for adventure, girls are abhorrent. To the young man carving his way, women are a hindrance and not a stimulant. To the successful business man the female, outside those who are part of the business world, is a sideline and a nuisance and a something to be sidestepped with the least expenditure of energy. Some day we will face facts and cut out hypocrisy and sentimentality. People will throw off the intolerable burden of trying to live up to the reputation of being a loving devoted couple satisfied with their *egoisme a deux*. They will place marriage where it rightfully belongs; that is, a mere partnership for the raising of children, and will regard children as the accidental results of an indulgence in the sexual appetite whom we have learned to love by long association.

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### As Others See Us

A CHILEAN newspaper lies before me. It has a certain tang reminiscent of Senator Fall when he is talking of Mexico. As Fall points with disdain to Mexico as a country in which the government is incapable of keeping order, so this Chilean writer points to the United States. Translating roughly, the writer says: "A country in which, in almost any one week, in this part or that, there are cruel lynchings, burnings at the stake, mayors of cities hanged to telegraph posts, murders, riots, strikes put down by violence, attacks on peaceable paraders, meetings raided and all that, while the president, a weary and disappointed man, sits on the porch of the executive mansion whither he has been taken in a wheel chair, to see a circus parade." Comment is needless. Yet it is as others see us.

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### Ring Matters

I SAW Johnny Wilson, the new middle weight champion, in action. He looks good to me. In some respects he resembles Bob Fitzsimmons in that his head appears small in comparison with his body, and his neck and shoulders are so muscled that blows seem to slip and slide from them. His biceps are big and well formed, and he combines a hard pair of hands with a flexible pair of wrists so that there is at times a snap at the end of his blow like the tail end of a mule's kick. In action he recalls Tom Sharkey in his best days. There is some talk to the effect that he will help Bill Brennan in his training for the championship fight with Dempsey.

## Letters from the People

### Labor in Italy

Soresino, Italy, June 27, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I have just returned from a tour of the Cremona district, where, especially at Pizzighettone, I came across a strange state of affairs.

There is a new political idea afoot—that is, if an idea may be said to be ambulatory. It goes under the name of Migliolism. Should it spread to the United States, you may see it some day labeled as the New Anarchism, or I. W. Wism, or an offshoot of Communism, but it is none of these. I had heard of it, but saw a manifestation the other day in Soresina. The mayor of Trigolo had been accidentally killed in a fight that had occurred between peasants and troops. Signor Miglioli, who is a deputy of the Clerical party, had organized a procession which was to carry the corpse through the town. Undoubtedly his idea was a Marc Antony one, and the intention was to inflame the people. The parade was forbidden by the authorities and Miglioli was arrested. The arrest had the effect of firing the people still further, and the prefect judged

it wise to release Miglioli the next morning.

Migliolism has attracted both peasants and laborers. It is the anarchy of the farming population, and, strangely enough, in many cases is supported by the priests. Signor Miglioli, the founder, is to the Clerical party what LaFollette is to the Republican party in the U. S. He is a thorn in the side of the Clericals, and at outs with Don Sturzo and his fellows. The movement is spreading rapidly and there are many violent outbreaks. Students of Italian politics will be able to trace the growth of Migliolism in some measure to the fact that last year the Clerical party sought to outbid the socialist party in promises to the peasants and thus attracted to itself many of the most violent irreconcilables.

In Emilia matters are serious. The communists are proposing to take the land from the present owners. A letter from a friend there tells me that the struggle turns on the refusal of the peasants to allow the agriculturists' union to speak for them. In some respects the situation is similar to the revolt of the switchmen against the railroad brotherhoods. To quote the letter . . . "the peasants have laid down terms for the division of the products

of the soil thus: Sixty per cent of the fruit harvests to the peasant, fifty-five per cent of the maize, seventy per cent of the grapes, and so on." Strangely enough, some of our journalists are foaming at the mouth and denouncing the leaders of the movement as traitors, they having introduced non-Italian notions imported from the United States into the mother country. As I write the *Giornale d'Italia* appears with a special article on the situation, giving reports of hay stacks burned, vines cut down, plants uprooted and milk products destroyed.

Railway men are largely with the Migliolists just now. Milan has been without transportation service for over a week because the management refused to dismiss a station agent who remained at work during a strike. In North Italy trains carrying *carabinieri* and police are left at the nearest siding. Near

Turin, trucks (railroad cars) loaded with wine from Asti destined to Switzerland, were taken from the train and sidetracked.

Meanwhile there is an all round slackening up. Three men are employed where one was formerly. Statistics show that in England, France and Switzerland there is an average of five railway men per kilometre, in Italy there are today fifteen.

Naturally the public is getting exasperated. During the recent strike in Milan, the passengers started a near riot and used sticks, fists and umbrellas on the trainmen.

The *Tempo*, published in Rome, recently bore an article advocating the use of the ancient toga as a means of combatting high prices. Numbers of correspondents have declared their willingness to go about dressed in the style of the frequenters of the Forum.

V. di B.

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**Y**OU will like the cool coloring of the tapestry or cretonne and the way it harmonizes with the reed and wicker. In your sunroom this furniture will drive away the thought of Summer discomfort; it will give your home a fresh, new look that will be truly inviting.

This showing is the largest of its kind that we have presented for several years. The Furniture has come to be more than just Summer Furniture; it is now popular the whole year round; for it is extremely serviceable, comfortable and smart in appearance.

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A beautiful baronial Chaise Lounge .....\$37.00

A brown fiber Chair, upholstered in tapestry.....\$12.75

A large-size tiffin Table..\$6.75

A beautiful 42-inch solid oak top Table, lower portion of blue and gold reed, priced at..\$69.00

Four reed Chairs, of blue and gold to match the above table, each .....\$26.00

Fumed oak Plant Box, interior lined with zinc, for..\$2.25

Ivory Tea Wagon, nicely arranged and fitted with glass tray, end shelves and base shelves .....\$24.00



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### The Oil Famine

Okmulgee, Okla., July 17, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I have just finished reading my MIRROR of the 15th. It isn't often I bother a busy editor with any sort of communication, but there is one truth in your remarks on "The Oil Famine" that ought to be blazoned everywhere Americans read. . . . . *"Great Britain has been grabbing and developing oil lands since the beginning of the war. The next war will be fought on oil as much as with explosives. May be we can get oil in Mexico. We may have to fight to get it. And the country is at the mercy of the possessors of oil lands. There's a big issue looming in this."*

Right you are! Great Britain has been doing just that, systematically, carefully, farsightedly, as anyone may know who reads and permits the reasoning powers of his brain to function at all. The English do not deceive themselves—that is, the English people as a whole do not permit their politicians and lawmakers to deceive them. Witness the following excerpted from "Another Scrap of Paper," which appears in the July 3 issue of the London Nation:

If one asks why there should be this indecent haste to assume the burden and responsibility of a sacred trust—

referring to the mandatory over Mesopotamia, concerning which the article admits "it requires an army of 80,000 men, amply furnished with patrolling aeroplanes, to reconcile them to our disinterested 'tutelage'—"

the answer is, we fear, still less savory. The disinterested trust is a fiction. Mesopotamia means oil, and we are after the oil—it is better to use plain, vulgar words for an ugly thing. To be sure, Mr. Lloyd George has told us that the oil is going to belong to the Mesopotamian State. That is perhaps the most daring of all his—shall we call them improvisations? The plain fact is that the oil belongs to the "Turkish Petroleum Company," which obtained a concession for it shortly before the outbreak of the war. The details have been stated quite plainly in the French Chamber. Mosul, as it happens, was assigned to France in the secret Treaties. Somehow we have contrived to keep it, much to the chagrin of M. Briand. By way of compensation we have given the German shares in this company, 25 per cent, to France. Mr. George himself admitted the truth in a parenthesis, as an after-thought. "The whole of the property will belong to the Arab State *subject to any arrangements which were made before the war with Turkey.*" As the whole of the oil of the Mosul and Bagdad vilayets was before the war assigned to this syndicate, it is impossible to attach any honest meaning to Mr. George's statement. One might guess at a possible meaning. Perhaps the state will levy a royalty. Perhaps the lease is only for ninety-nine years, or some such period. It does not seem to cover Basrah, where there is little if any oil. The substantial fact is that the oil, any oil that matters for any time that need be counted, belongs three parts to British finance and one part to French. Thus do we "secure equal opportunities for the trade and commerce of other members of the League."

A very young student of the world and

its way, or a very bitter Socialist might enjoy the facile intellectual exercise of exposing hypocrisy and untruth so crude as this. Our own feeling approaches nausea. It would be pleasanter to look the other way and write about Shakespeare and the musical glasses. Until the few men in this House of Commons who combine honesty and independence and brains will face the Government, as the two Cecils are doing, and tell it in the plainest Anglo-Saxon words that these tricks of untruth and dishonor are smearing our repute in the world, destroying the faint hope of any working League, and burying idealism itself, the conclusion must be that the war has ended in a disregard of international right and good faith, meaner and more demoralizing by far than the frank wrongdoing of Bethmann-Hollweg, who at the least had the manhood to admit that he did evil under the stress of necessity. Here there is no necessity, and there is no honesty. There is a breach of treaties, a grasping at material wealth, a disregard of others' interests and rights, rendered tenfold more odious because it is cloaked in deception.

So long as "any oil that matters for any time that need to be counted belongs three parts to British finance and one part to French" the British should worry! Unless it be that the American government acquiesces in this division of the oil resources of the world, it seems to me that the Federal Reserve banks should be extending all possible credit to worthy Oklahoma and Texas oil producers instead of shutting them off. As conditions now are, a banker will lend money to a farmer for his crop that may not then be planted, but he won't lend money to an oil operator with a producing well. What's the answer?

PAUL MARCOWITZ

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### "Divine" Wrath

Regina, Sask., July 9, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

My attention has been called to a letter in your paper addressed to me on the subject of a story called "Ebro" to which I am supposed to have objected. I never saw that story and from the hint of its character I do not care to see it. I do not pollute my mind with the vile literature, furniture manufactured for the brothel, which fill the modern magazine.

My ideas are founded upon the impregnable word of Holy Scripture, in which it is written that a man should love one only and cleave unto her. Adam and Eve are the eternal models; and all through the divine word concupiscence, lust, indulgence are condemned; abstinence, cleanliness, purity are exalted. Even in the marriage state only reasonable indulgence is permitted under God's word; and even that state is not recommended to those who would preach and lead lives of complete holiness.

I see nevertheless in the publication of such filth as "Ebro" the hand of God. Constant affronts to God, constant mockery of the purity of the sexes, clean, wholesome lives, faithful marriage—where marriage is proper, only lead to the solidifying of the hosts of God's righteousness; and in due time these hosts will rise up and put into constitution and laws such restrictions on the

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publication of such literature that it no longer can be printed. Did not the saloon and the liquor interest mock the conscience of the nation until those forces of Satan were overthrown? It will be even so with the vile army of lust, the Calibans of Sex, whether they be writers or voluptuous livers. I am ashamed of REEDY'S MIRROR.

ELMER CHUBB, LL.D., Ph.D.

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#### Dr. Chubb Indorses Bryan

Calgary, Alb., July 9, 1920.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

Until the last I had hoped that the Democratic convention would nominate

for the presidency America's greatest Christian statesman, Honorable William Jennings Bryan. Instead they treated him with contumely even as the prophets of old were scorned by the hosts of Baal. Instead they nominated a man who smells of whisky, whisky, whisky, even as Senator Harding smells of whisky.

What can the law-abiding, forward looking Christian electorate do under these circumstances? The thing to do is not to vote and to allow God's ways to work out as they will in His own good time. In four years from now Mr. Bryan, who has lived a pure, careful life, will be as young at sixty-four as most

men are at forty. And we will nominate him and elect him on a platform advocating a state religion by constitutional amendment.

ELMER CHUBB, LL.D., Ph.D.

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#### Freudian Absurdities

Galion, Ohio, July 17, 1920.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

When Mr. Finger writes of the Freudian interpretation of dreams and phallicism as interesting to half wits, he proclaims himself to be a religious crank. The phallic origin and symbolical significance of the cross has been

proved to the hilt and accepted by many master minds.

W. RUDENBACH

(Pish! Likewise Tush! Also Rot! Why not talk of the symbolic significance of a telephone pole and an automobile tire? The Freudian theory of the sexual significance of dreams like the atheist's notion of the phallic origin of the cross is palpably false and degrading. Phallicists are bigots bound Ixion-like to the wheel of their own obsession. Millions of sincere men and women look on the cross as a sign that peace and strength is found where sufferings are borne for the sake of others. Get that straight. C. J. F.)

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#### That Ten Billion

Ottumwa, Ia., July 15, 1920.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

Last night's paper told of war munitions the British government is shipping to America in large quantities and intimated that Great Britain would start an inquiry as to our need for them. This morning's paper avers that the shipments are made on contracts placed prior to the armistice, the cancellation of which would work a hardship to the Britishers. O la la! How considerate we are. Business is business I suppose. Yet I have heard much anent the shortage of labor in England as elsewhere, the great need for industrial production. Would not cancellation have released these factories to the making of plow shares and truck bodies in which they were engaged before the war? Of course some good reason would be advanced by the politicians why such reversion could not take place. Very well, if we must stand up to such a contract; but why in the name of business can anyone, even a Britisher, suggest and urge that we cancel the \$10,000,000,000 which Europe owes us? Isn't business still business?

ALINE McDONALD

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#### A Cox Advocate

30 Atlas Bk. Bldg., Cincinnati, O.,  
July 12, 1920.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

In Mr. Finger's "Reflections" in your last issue, great injustice was done Governor Cox. In saying "by no stretch of the imagination could one call him a statesman. Between him and his Ohio opponent there is very little to choose. Neither has offered a constructive program . . . Neither one of the Ohio men is big enough to handle the problems of today . . ." Finger is badly mistaken in his judgment of Cox. We think Cox can handle the problems. A lot of us old singletaxers take a lot of stock in Cox. We remember that he had the courage when running for governor in 1912, to come out openly and fight successfully for the big progressive measures proposed by the Constitutional Convention of that year. These measures were not very popular with Harding and his standpat friends. It was he (Cox) that forced the legislature to enact them all into practical laws in 1913 and there has not been a single progressive measure passed in Ohio since.

STANLEY SHAFFER

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"I came within an ace of winning the game." "Then why didn't you?" "Because the other fellow had the ace."

## St. Louis' Largest Store Growing Still Larger

As announced in the press a few months ago, this store has acquired considerable additional space and is making extensive expansion alterations. Here is just what is being done:

TWO ADDITIONAL SALES FLOORS HAVE BEEN ADDED IN OUR MAIN BUILDING, the seventh and eighth floors, giving us 120,000 square feet in additional floor area in this building. These floors have been cleared and altered and will be ready for occupancy in the very near future.

\* \* \*

THE DOLPH BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET AT SEVENTH AND LOCUST STREETS is in the main occupied by us above the street floor—the additional building on the east of the Dolph building, seven stories high and covering an area of 50 x 125 feet, is now in the process of construction, and when completed will be occupied by us for stockroom purposes and service departments. With this additional building we will have a 7-story building, 125 x 125 feet on Locust street, connecting with our warehouse, receiving and delivery station on St. Charles street, which is ten stories high and 60 x 150 feet in ground area. This space on the north side of Locust street means that the entire western half of the block, with the exception of the small buildings on the corner of Seventh and St. Charles streets, is now part of Famous and Barr Co. plant.

\* \* \*

As soon as the Locust street buildings are all completed, it will be practical to remove from the main building many workrooms and stockrooms as well as service departments, very materially increasing the salesroom space in the main building.

\* \* \*

Surely, St. Louis' largest store is growing larger, and these improvements are necessary to properly care for the ever-increasing volume of business done by this splendid institution—the largest distributors of merchandise at retail in Missouri or the West.

## FAMOUS-BARR CO.

# Single Cussedness

By Harry B. Kennon

HOSTS do walk. Let science deny, let skeptics deride, that statement stands. Furthermore, neither darkness nor day shall prevent spooks of sorts from revisiting their glimpses when and where they will—on Kingshighway, for instance, where Lindell boulevard crosses to lose itself in the inviting maze of Forest Park, and the sun shining as if newly burnished to illuminate the visitant.

For just there it was, though there had been and would be other places, that Condé Berthold, a famous pedestrian himself, saw walking towards him the ghost that appears now and again to every mature mortal. It came on so blithely and with such brilliance, ominous brilliance, that apprehension of its evanescence tempered the bachelor's admiration. "Breath and bloom of the morning," he sighed, "breath and bloom."

More Sunday mornings than he remembered, or cared to, had seen Berthold, the bachelor, stepping out to and along Kingshighway, stepping briskly as if he enjoyed it. Such health-giving exercise, so pleasantly pursued, had brought him to his era of disconcerting anniversaries with arches unfallen, a straight back and front, a waist, clear skin, bright eyes and hair abundant, if white. The barber who admonished him to carry a close-cropped head beneath his wide, creamy Panama could in no way persuade him to sacrifice the monstache that marked him as advancing ahead of a clean-shaven generation; the tailor who stooped to his taste for quiet color conquered by fitting him with natty cuts to his vigor; no wrinkle, save the latest, showed in the adjustment of his modish tie, no neglect dulled the polish of his shoes. Neither dandyism, of which he was free, nor necessity accounted for his cane: the stick was his companion, for a lack, the bachelor's strolls had become solitary affairs indeed. Another destroyer had been busy, but Berthold preferred remarking upon automobiles as killers of pedestrianism.

And so it was that the bachelor walked out Washington avenue to where the temples cluster to his aesthetic satisfaction, there turning south on Kingshighway where, a boy, he had snared rabbits; where, in salad days, with Her beside him, he had driven a spanking team: slowly, slowly driven through a "we-two" solitude, over a noiseless dirt road become a paved, frequented promenade for the multitude. Sentiment accompanied him upon his walks for condition, though he would have ridiculed the assertion; possibly, too, the discipline, for, of late, he had fallen upon excuses for his solo saunterings: an early and uncrowded view of a loan exhibition at the art museum was this Sunday morning's camouflage. Not that he craved the sight of pictures particularly, not at all; but some place to go was some place to go . . . the loan show would answer. . . . Condé Berthold had reached that stage—and the plaza.

Before striking across the sun-lit space into the leafy park the bachelor paused

to gaze down dome-dominated Lindell boulevard. Arrested by the fair vista his interest was suddenly, acutely stirred at sight of the ghost of his youth advancing; stirred into his "breath and bloom" invocation by the old and lovely and disarming problem of a man's way with a maid. "Time was," he soliloquized, as the ghost came on, "time was when I, too, found it right and expedient to forsake my bed for matins. . . . Good morning, Miss Daphne . . . morning, Condé."

The coarser part of Berthold's ghost became instantly, healthily vocal. "We've caught the early worm, Daph," it said to the finer, brilliant part. "Where you beating it, unks?"

The worm, swiftly taking in the bud on his namesake nephew's coat, the bunch of buds at the girl's waist—half blown buds, the day spring eyes of his ghost, turned to address its exquisite part, his own eyes feasting: "Delicious morning, Miss Daphne."

Daphne Garretson dimpled adorably, her flower lips parted in assent: "I'll say it is."

The temperature had not lowered, but Berthold shivered inside. "I am on my way out to the loan show," he said, recovering from the slang-shock. "Delighted to have you and Condé—"

An automobile slowing up beside them, as if by pre-arrangement, interrupted the invitation. A woman, too brilliantly blonde, too fair by far, too coyly young for her fleshy fifties, beamed graciously on the men, standing shoulder to shoulder in height and good to look at, as she playfully beckoned Daphne.

"Dear old ma-ma," said Daphne, "we're all ready."

Young Condé bristled protest. "You promised me this morning in the park, Dap!"

"Well, what's the matter with our having it?"

"You promised to walk."

"Did I? I've changed my mind."

"But—"

Daphne stood waiting for Condé to open the car door, to give the entirely unnecessary assistance in. Berthold, the bachelor, gallantly performed that office. "Surely," said the girl, "surely you know Mr. Berthold, ma-ma."

"Surely," purred Mrs. Garretson. "It's ages and ages since you've called, Condé."

"Ages of perpetual repair," thought the bachelor, side-stepping with: "Calling's gone out, hasn't it?"

"For us?" . . . Could Mrs. Garretson's ingenu stare have masked a ghost? . . . "Come with us," she gushed, "do come . . . we can drop you anywhere."

Berthold pleaded a phantom appointment, declined.

"That puts us all set then," said Daphne with charming disrespect. "Climb in, Condé. Don't poke. Fawcett give Mr. Berthold the wheel."

The chauffeur turned an impassive face, but lighted by eyes of deadly male intelligence, towards Condé.

"Keep your seat, Fawcett; I'm not riding."

"Not—!"

"No, Dap. I choose not being dropped this morning."

"Bit of a tiff," reflected Berthold, noting Daphne's petulant smile to hold captivity captive, "bit of a tiff."

"You promised this morning to me," urged the girl, her tone ingratiating, possessive, "this whole morning."

"Did I?" said Condé. "I've changed my mind."

"Oh, damn! Drive on, Fawcett."

Again the bachelor shivered inside . . . lovely young women used not to damn around audibly. But he uncovered to loveliness, as always. Fawcett released the clutch. Loveliness past threw back a fat smile of parting, loveliness present gazed straight ahead. Young Condé grinned as the car rolled away. "Why didn't you go with them?" asked Berthold, replacing his hat.

"Didn't care to share Dap with the old girl, sir."

"Miss Daphne as evidently didn't care to share you with the old man, Condé."

"Nothing of the sort, sir . . . you're younger than either of us. Besides—" affection colored the frank laugh—"we could have lost you in the park, unks."

"You could. Doubtless Miss Daphne could have dropped her mother at home."

"You know it."

"And Fawcett."

"Sure thing! Fawcett is next. You're pretty wise yourself, sir."

"One acquires wisdom for analyzing such novel situations by observation," said the bachelor, "observation, and experience."

"Experience! I've often wondered what the story was, unks . . . who she was. You didn't stay single for nothing."

"Her name is legion, Condé. Your Miss Daphne is the latest. Why did you pass up your chance to please her?"

"Dap's bluffs have to be called once in a while, sir. She promised me this morning in the park on my conditions, not hers. And she knew why when her only stipulation was that I take her to early church—so's we'd have more time together, she said. Why, I got up in the middle of the night to satisfy her."

"Saturday night, too," sorrowed Berthold. "How did the game go?"

"Loan you fifty, if you like."

"Not so bad for a short session . . . call on you when I need it." And then the old proverb pricked Berthold into its service: "Lucky at cards, unlucky in love."

"Not so's you'd notice it," laughed Condé complacently. "Dap plays a come-on game. But she promised—"

He walked a few paces in silence, then blurted: "Why is a woman's promise no contract?"

"Contracts lack the charm of variety," replied the amused bachelor. "Women . . . Miss Daphne, now—. Is it impudent to inquire if she has named the day?"

"Impertinent, as yet, sir."

While sniffing this bouquet of later vintage from his own vine, Berthold dissembled, "Not trying to force your confidence, boy."

"There's nothing to hold back, unks, absolutely nothing. I intended entering

for the finals this morning . . . got the ring in my pocket. But Dap shied."

"They sometimes do . . . Marriage is a ticklish business, Condé."

"For men without sand," returned Condé. "We can't stay single and satisfied."

The bachelor took his medicine with smiling equanimity. "No," he replied, "it wouldn't work as a continuing policy, not exactly smoothly. I am the last man to advocate it. Still, it is well to look ahead. Do you believe in ghosts?"

"I do not," said Condé, surprised. "What have ghosts to do with Dap?"

"There are ghosts of the future, Condé. Miss Daphne is fascinating, fascinating."

"And then some, take it from me. Suppose you won't understand . . . your numerous friends seem sufficient for you . . . I need a more intimate tie."

"Quite so," responded Berthold. "Most of my numerous friends are to be found in Bellefontaine; I go out there occasionally to visit with them . . . Oh, no, you didn't offend me, boy."

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One faces that music. But about that intimate tie . . . In my day it was thought decent to consult the lady's parents. Have you—?"

"Some job getting them together to spring it," laughed Condé. "Colonel Garretson and his wife pace tandem, you see; as far apart as the harness permits."

"Miss Daphne driving?"

"You said it. They know what she wants right enough."

"Do you?"

"Don't I! Colonel Garretson was down in the street the other day digging up my credentials."

"Yes, I know. First sure trace I had of the poison."

"Probe you?"

"Be sure I blackened you properly . . . least I could do."

Condé threw an arm around his uncle's middle, hugged him."

"We men have to stand together," said the pleased bachelor. "Garretson is hag ridden. I imagine Miss Daphne's mother as the person to propitiate in an inconsequential affair of the sort. I remember her ambitions."

"Frills and fudge seem the sum of her ambition now, so far as I can see. She's keen on chocolates. I keep her fed up."

"Sounds as if she'd been letting herself go; too bad, too bad."

"Mrs. Garretson is just one vain, greedy, impossible old party, if you want to know," said Condé with youth's brutality. "Let's talk about something pleasant."

"Here we are at the museum," complied Berthold. "Care to walk through the loan show with me?"

"Got to put in the morning somehow," was Condé's polite reply.

The loan exhibition, like all such, was of so-so quality. Condé noticed that neither old masters nor new bow-wows interested his uncle, noticed, too, that painters, not pictures, affected him only. He would stand before a Meeker, a Chase, an Eichbaum, a Tracy, lively with tales of the men, their struggle. A little Salmagundi sketch, treasured and loaned by one who remembered, that Condé liked for its graceful humor, caught the bachelor's attention and held it. "That," he said, "was painted by a

delightful genius in many directions, you. At your age, I didn't" . . . Will Schuyler." He turned away with a sigh. "There is an exceedingly beautiful portrait just behind you, Condé

Well, what do you think of it?"

"Why," gasped Condé excited, "its Dap to the life; She never told me—"

"She wouldn't. Conant painted his 'Portrait of Daphne' in the nineties."

"Then it is . . . impossible! impossible!"

"Always that, Condé, always that," said the bachelor. "But we did not call your flame's mother an impossible old party then. Some of us were quite mad about her. As you say, it is like—very like."

Young Condé turned his back upon the portrait, faced his uncle with accusing eyes. "So, that was your drive in that dope about ghosts of the future."

"One says all sorts of idle things in the course of an idle walk," returned Berthold innocently.

"Uncle Condé?"

"Well?"

"I don't believe in ghosts."

"Good Lord! boy, I don't expect it of

Berthold chuckled . . . "Garretson didn't."

"You have been giving yourself away, been telling me your story."

"Only the skeleton, Condé; details would bore you."

"Unks?"

"You're not getting the details, you know."

Condé, laughing, linked arms with his uncle, faced him about to the lovely portrait. "You're a good loser," he said, "damned good."

"Contented is the word, Condé—very contented."

\*\*\*

## Marts and Money

New York quotations are again tending downward, and fluctuating narrowly and tediously. The average trader feels pessimistic. Exactly why, he doesn't know. He hables of tight money, lack of leadership, political agitation, unrest among labor, harrowing conditions in Europe and untold billions of undigested securities. His broker tries to comfort him with soothing words about fine crops, improvement in industrial conditions and easier money after the needs of the agricultural communities have been covered. "We always have a dull, stupid sort of market before a rise," says the middlemen, with a bland smile. "There's really nothing wrong with the present situation, for all these disagreeable things they are hawking about the street every day have been discounted long since. There's no pressure of important liquidation at present. Reasons for it are lacking. Prices are too low. The selling was good when leading stocks were twenty to forty points higher than they are today. The thing to do now is to select the best shares likely to play a prominent part in the coming bulge, and then sit tight."

"All this prattle about economic chaos in Europe and another grave reaction in this country is the veriest bunk. The ruling nations will not permit of catastrophic economic developments. They are energetically striving to put themselves again on a safe and sound financial basis. So far as the labor problem is concerned, I have no serious fears as to the outcome. Common sense, of which there's plenty in all countries, will provide the right solution of all the difficulties."

"What did you say? The money market? Don't worry your precious head off about that. There will be all kinds of money for Wall Street by and by. You can easily borrow at 7 and 8 per cent if you are equipped with the right kind of goods. Most of us brokers are well supplied with loanable funds—with enough to keep us on easy street, relatively considered, until things loosen up again toward fall. By the way, what about a hundred Baldwin at 117¼? It's going to make a big jump one of these days. Don't like it, eh? Want a low-priced stock? Well, well, what about Frisco common? Have some elegant stuff about it from reliable sources. Stocks is expected to go to 35 at an early date. Company doing a fine business. Shall not be surprised if a common dividend is declared in 1921. They always

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anticipate such things, you know, for months ahead. Southern Railway common is another good thing for a speculative buy. Selling at 29 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Was above 30 the other day. People who are 'in the know' tell me that the stock has been accumulated in large blocks for the account of a powerful pool, which has pulled off some sensationally successful deals in recent years. Two hundred shares, did you say? Will put the order in immediately. Have one of my pet cigars in the meantime!" The broker rushes off, and his customer sits down to a methodical perusal of the stock gossip.

The last weekly statement of the Clearing-House banks and trust companies disclosed an increase of about \$20,000,000 in surplus reserves. This despite an expansion of \$42,000,000 in loans and discounts. Demand deposits increased \$21,340,000. The exhibit makes it evident that bankers still have to contend with unusually numerous cross-currents in the movements of funds. Call money was as high as 10 and 12 per cent lately, but invariably receded quickly to 9 and 8 per cent. Whenever the pinch threatens to be really acute, some of the principal lenders of money come to the rescue with astonishingly liberal supplies near the market's close. The dominant financiers don't want stringency of an unsettling sort. Their policy is to keep the call rates at levels neither inviting extensive purchasing of stocks, nor precipitous liquidation.

The quotation for U. S. Steel common has reacted to 91 $\frac{1}{4}$ . The selling was not impressively heavy, and the decline rather leisurely. About two weeks ago the stock was up to 95 $\frac{3}{8}$ . According to unofficial estimates, the Corporation may report as much as \$50,000,000 net earnings for the second quarter of 1920, after ordinary deductions. Should this forecast prove true, the amount earned on each share of the \$508,302,500 common stock will be \$5, as compared with \$3.83 for the first quarter. We are also informed that in the second quarter the Corporation operated at from 70 to 75 per cent of capacity, or at a considerably higher rate than that reported by most of the less important producers of steel. Opulent industrial companies still are addicted to the generous habit of declaring substantial stock dividends. The Crucible Steel Company, which had previously divided a large bunch of certificates, has decided to distribute another 7 per cent in stock, in addition to the 16.2-3 per cent declared June 16 last. Crucible Steel is currently valued at 151 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The regular cash dividend is 12 per cent per annum. During the Allan Ryan episode, the price was as high as 278 $\frac{1}{2}$ . In 1914 the stock could be bought at 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Talk about easy money! Wall Street still is the place where you can get it if you have the cash, some luck, and the necessary quantity of nerve.

The renewal of optional trading has resulted in excited speculation and wide fluctuations on the Chicago Board of Trade. The tendency was almost immediately downward. The December wheat deal fell 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  cents a bushel, and the March deal 10 cents. Dense uncertainty concerning the actual and prospective conditions of the trade is the

principal cause for the pessimism among speculators. Another hurtful influence can be found in the multiplying reports of further improvement in the season's harvests.

Surveyed comprehensively, the general economic state of affairs in America and Europe is sufficiently complex to baffle the shrewdest prophets and to absorb the attention of every inquisitive student of political economy.

#### Finance in St. Louis

Considering the various deterrent factors, they have a pretty good sort of market on Fourth Street. Quotations show little or no depreciation on account of the erratic, sagging market down East. United Railways preferred continues quite active, with the price moving between 12.50 and 13.50. The common is selling at 2.50 to 3.00. Several hundred shares were transferred lately. The 4 per cent bonds are quoted at 46. Other active issues are rated at or about the previous figures. It is apparent that holders retain confidence in the ultimate outcome of their investments. According to latest reports from Jefferson City, the deposits in the State banking institutions of Missouri increased \$22,777,000 between March 3, 1919, and May 20, 1920. Total deposits on the latter date were \$635,435,205. Individual deposits alone aggregated \$410,244,889; time deposits \$131,793,351; demand deposits, \$13,433,847, and savings deposits, \$79,961,114.

#### Answers to Inquiries

FINANCE, Lexington, Ky.—(1) Southern Pacific is an investment stock of substantial merits. The 6 per cent dividend is safe. It has been paid since 1907. The company could conveniently raise its rate to 8 per cent. Present market price of 83 $\frac{1}{4}$  seems reasonable. It furnishes a good basis for purchases. There is good prospect that railroad stocks will play a prominent part in the next bull movement.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—(1) Anaconda Copper is not likely to fall much below the current price of 55 $\frac{1}{4}$ , which indicates a net yield of 7.30 per cent. The recent low level was 54. The high notch in 1919 was 77. Anaconda, as a rule, responds well to bullish operations, and the company is generous to its stockholders. (2) There's nothing particular the matter with International Nickel. All you have to do is stick to it.

LONE STAR, Temple, Tex.—Don't worry over your investment in U. S. Rubber first preferred. Company is doing exceedingly well. Its total surplus is approximately \$60,000,000 at present. The 8 per cent has been paid for many years—since 1905. Present value of 108 $\frac{1}{2}$  invites purchasing for investment and you will doubtless have opportunity to sell without a loss before the close of 1920. Highest on record is 123 $\frac{1}{4}$ .

L. D. E., Oklahoma City, Ok.—Bucyrus is a speculative stock with a future. Par value is \$100, and total outstanding \$4,000,000. Stock has never received a dividend. High and low marks in 1919 were 35 and 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Current quotation of 24 fairly symbolizes intrinsic value. Company manufactures machinery and material which should have an excellent market at good prices for years to come. Financial condition is slowly but steadily improving.

INVESTOR, Terre Haute, Ind.—(1) Chicago, Rock Island & P. refunding 4s are a commendable investment, and temptingly rated at 65, the latest quotation. They fall due in 1934. Under the old regime they sold as high as 99 $\frac{1}{2}$ . They are widely distributed among banks, trust companies and private investors in the East. (2) Better hold your Braden Copper 6s. There should be a recovery to at least 92 after disappearance of the strain in money markets.

#### At the Grand Opera House

The all star bill at the Grand Opera House this week is attracting capacity audiences. Dunbar's Old Time Darkies, in their excellent act showing the amusements and pastimes in bygone days below the Mason and Dixie line, are immensely popular. Stein and Jackson, in "Hashednutology," keep the audience laughing all through their act. The marvelous Capps Family, who present a unique novelty in an original manner, are a big hit at every performance. Other favorites are Tid Bits of 1920; Patrick and Otto, "Two Soldiers of Misfortune"; Travilla, Girlie and Seal, in their wonderful aquatic novelty; Harris and Harris, novelty acrobats; Duncan and Castler, in "Around the Musical Circle;" and Mowatt and Mullen, versatile artists.

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